Howbeit, all that I have found, my men
Hold bound and shackled in our dungeon den
The rest, I will go hunt them
Aye, and snare
My birds with nets of iron, to quell their prayer
And mountain song and rites of rascaldom
They tell me, too, there is a stranger come,
A man of charm and spell, from Lydian seas,
A head all gold and cloudy fragrancies,
A wine-red cheek, and eyes that hold the light
Of the very Cyprian. Day and livelong night
He haunts amid the damsels, over each lip
Dangling his cup of joyance !—Let me grip
Him once, but once, within these walls, right swift
That wand shall cease its music, and that drift
Of tossing curls lie still—when my rude sword
Falls between neck and trunk !
'Tis all his word,
This tale of Dionysus ; how that same
Babe that was blasted by the lightning flame
With his dead mother, for that mother's lie,
Was re-conceived, born perfect from the thigh
Of Zeus, and now is God !
What call ye these ?
Dreams ? Gibes of the unknown wanderer ? Blasphemies
That crave the very gibbet ?
Stay ! God wot,
Here is another marvel ! See I not
In motley fawn-skins robed the vision-seer
Teiresias ? And my mother's father here—
O depth of scorn !—adoring with the wand
Of Bacchios ?- -Father!—Nay, mine eyes are fond :
It is not your white heads so fancy-flown !

It cannot be 1 Cast oft 't hat *ivy* crown.